

No calling in life deals with mightier forces, nor contends with a greater multitude of inscrutable powers.

To be in any measure a *master* of the Science of Agriculture, a man must be at once a Botanist, Chemist, Geologist and Meteorologist. *Who* can, in this short life of ours, in this especially hurrying, competitive struggle for supremacy in which we Americans live—who can grasp even one of the Sciences, in all its multiplicity of detail, and turn its theoretical deductions into the hard dollars and cents of *practical* result?

The outline—the ground work—we can and should acquire, but only the specialist can learn to analyze a seed, a plant, a fertilizer or a soil; forecast the storm with certainty, or reveal to us the economic value of the rocks and marls and minerals which our country holds as a sealed book in her keeping, where only geology can read the page and, translating, give us a glimpse of the connected beauty of the story and reveal the bounty of its Great Author.

Therefore, have the needs of the farmers called forth some of the noblest intellects of every age—men who gave their time and money and painstaking labor to the determination of some of the problems, which most affect the farm and the farmer.

As in the busy community of the hive, that one upon whom the perpetuation of the species depends, the queen, is protected and fed and jealously guarded by the faithful subjects:—so has the farmer oftentimes received the life-long services of scientific, thinking men, who deemed it an honor to lavish of their wealth or give of their time to the solution of problems, pregnant with momentous consequences to that industry which nourishes us all and by whose will we live. The world is ready enough to praise the men who have thus labored; the labors of men now gone or still at their posts of honor are not likely to be forgotten. Can we forget Liebig or Lawes or Ville?